Numb. LXVII.

The GUARDIAN.

ne forte pudori
Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, & cantor Apollo. Hor.

Thursday, May 28. 1713.

It has been remarked, by curious Observers, that Poets are generally Long-lived, and run beyond the usual Age of Men, if not cut off by some Accident, or Excess, as *Aeschylus*, in the midst of a merry old Age, was choaked with a Grape-stone. The same Redundancy of Spirits, that produces the Poetical Flame, keeps up the vital Warmth, and administers uncommon Fewel to Life. I question not but several Instances will occur to my Reader's Memory, from *Homer* down to Mr. *Dryden*. I shall only take Notice of two who have excelled in Lyricks, the one an Ancient and the other a Modern. The first gained an immortal Reputation by celebrating several Jockeys in the *Olympick* Games, the last has signalized himself on the same Occasion by the Ode that begins with——*To Horse, brave Boys, to* New-market, *to Horse.* My Reader will, by this time, know that the two Poets I have mentioned, are *Pindar* and Mr. *d'Urfey*. The former of these is long since laid in his Urn, after having, many Years together, endeared himself to all *Greece* by his tuneful Compositions. Our Countryman is still living, and in a blooming old Age, that still promises many Musical Productions; for, if I am not mistaken, our *British* Swan will sing to the last. The best Judges, who have perused his last Song on the *Moderate Man*, do not discover any Decay in his Parts, but think it deserves a Place among the finest of those Works with which he obliged the World in his more early Years.

I am led into this Subject by a Visit which I lately received from my good old Friend and Contemporary. As we both flourished together in King *Charles* the Second's Reign, we diverted our selves with the Remembrance of several Particulars that passed in the World before the greatest Part of my Readers were born, and cou'd not but smile to think how insensibly we were grown into a Couple of venerable old Gentlemen. *Tom* observed to me, that after having written more Odes than *Horace*, and about four times as many Comedies as *Terence*, he was reduced to great Difficulties by the importunities of a Sett of Men, who, of late Years, had furnished him with the Accommodations of Life, and would not, as we say, be paid with a Song. In order to extricate my old Friend, I immediately sent for the three Directors of the Play-house, and desired them that they would in their Turn do a good Office for a Man, who, in *Shakespear*'s Phrase, had often filled their Mouths, I mean with Pleasantry and Popular Conceits. They very generously listened to my Proposal, and agreed to act the *Plotting Sisters*, (a very taking Play of my old Friend's composing) on the 15th of the next Month, for the Benefit of the Author.

My Kindness to the agreeable Mr. *d'Urfey* will be imperfect, if after having engaged the Players in his Favour, I do not get the Town to come into it. I must therefore heartily recommend to all the young Ladies,

(Price Two Pence.)

Ladies, my Diſciples, the Caſe of my old Friend, who has often made their Grand-mothers merry, and whoſe Sonnets have perhaps lulled a-ſleep many a preſent Toaſt, when ſhe lay in her Cradle.

I have already prevailed upon my Lady *Lizard* to be at the Houſe in one of the Front Boxes, and deſign, if I am in Town, to lead her in my ſelf at the Head of her Daughters. The Gentleman I am ſpeaking of has laid Obligations on ſo many of his Countrymen, that I hope they will think this but a juſt Return to the good Services of a Veteran Poet.

I my ſelf remember King *Charles* the Second leaning on *Tom d'Urfey*'s Shoulder more than once, and humming over a Song with him. It is certain that Monarch was not a little ſupported by *Joy to great* Cæſar, which gave the Whigs ſuch a Blow as they were not able to recover that whole Reign. My Friend afterwards attacked Popery with the ſame Succeſs, having expoſed *Bellarmine* and *Porto-Carrero* more than once in ſhort Satyrical Compoſitions, which have been in every body's Mouth. He has made uſe of *Italian* Tunes and Sonnata's for promoting the Proteſtant Intereſt, and turned a conſiderable part of the Pope's Muſick againſt himſelf. In ſhort, he has obliged the Court with Political Sonnets, the Country with Dialogues and Paſtorals, the City with Deſcriptions of a Lord-Mayor's Feaſt, not to mention his little Ode upon *Stool-ball*, with many others of the like Nature.

Should the very Individuals he has celebrated make their Appearance together, they wou'd be ſufficient to fill the Play-houſe. *Pretty* Peg *of* Windſor, Gillian *of* Croydon, *with* Dolly *and* Molly, *and* Tommy *and* Johny, with many others to be met with in the Muſical Miſcellanies, Entitled, *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, would make a good Benefit Night.

As my Friend, after the manner of the old Lyricks, accompanies his Works with his own Voice, he has been the Delight of the moſt Polite Companies and Converſations from the beginning of King *Charles* the Second's Reign to our preſent Times. Many an honeſt Gentleman has got a Reputation in his Country, by pretending to have been in Company with *Tom. d'Urfey*.

I might here mention ſeveral other Merits in my Friend; as his enriching our Language with a Multitude of Rhimes, and bringing Words together that, without his good Offices, would never have been acquainted with one another, ſo long as it had been a Tongue. But I muſt not omit that my old Friend Angles for a Trout the beſt of any Man in *England*. *May* Flies come in late this Seaſon, or I my ſelf ſhould, before now, have had a Trout of his Hooking.

After what I have ſaid, and much more that I might ſay, on this Subject; I queſtion not but the World will think that my old Friend ought not to paſs the Remainder of his Life in a Cage like a Singing Bird, but enjoy all that Pindarick Liberty which is ſuitable to a Man of his Genius. He has made the World merry, and I hope they will make him eaſie ſo long as he ſtays among us. This I will take upon me to ſay, they cannot do a Kindneſs to a more diverting Companion, or a more chearful, honeſt and good-natured Man.

This Paper is to be had of Mr. Yemes *under the* Thatch'd-houſe *Tavern in St.* James's-ſtreet; *Mrs.* Bond *at* Charing-croſs; *Mrs.* Bolter *and Mrs.* Dodd *near the* Temple-gate; *and Mr.* Round *in* Exchange-Ally.

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This Day is Publiſhed,

The Reſt of the People of God. A Funeral Sermon, occaſioned by the Death of the Reverend Mr. John Piggot, late Miniſter of the Goſpel. Preached March 29. 1713. By Joſeph Stennett. Printed by John Darby in Bartholomew Cloſe, and Sold by John Baker at Mercer's Chappel in Cheapſide, and John Clark at the Bible and Crown in the Old Change.

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